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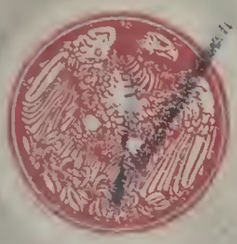

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

AND OTHER POEMS

By

LUELLA W. STUTZMAN

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Luella M. Stutzman

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

And Other Poems

By

LUELLA WALDEN STUTZMAN

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1910

To my aged parents, whose sterling worth and integrity I appreciate, and to my dear children, is this book dedicated.

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So, little book, with silent prayrs,
I bid thee now depart,
On wings of white I bid thee bear,
A message from my heart.

'Tis not the purpose of thy page,
To cause a careless smile,
But may thou bring to youth and age,
A message true, worth while.

If someone's faith be clearer,
God's love to us seem dearer,
And heaven a little nearer,
'Tis all I ask, or need,
Go little book, God speed.

PART FIRST.

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER.

Fifty years today dear mother
You have trod the path of life,
Shared alike the sun and shadow
Borne your part in every strife,
Faithful to each present duty
Trusting God for that to come,
You have ever been a blessing
To each member of our home.

O'er the field of life behind you
Many seed you've scattered wide,
Some have fallen by the wayside,
Some mid rocks and thorns have died;
But we know that some have fallen
In a good and fruitful soil
Bearing two, and three, and fourfold
To repay you for your toil.

By your faithful prayers and teaching
Aided by dear fathers hand
You have started all your children
On the road to Beulah land.
And who can say how many others
For the Masters use made mete,
Shall arise and call you blessed
When the journey is complete.

Then take courage, dearest mother
Do not think you work for naught,
For your life would not be wasted
If e'en one to Christ was brought.
I can wish you nothing better
Than years of joy, and peace, and health
Then a crown and a home in heaven
I could not wish you greater wealth.

Now I bring my birthday off'ring
Of presents, dear, I have no other
But love and gratitude I give
And thank God for such a mother.

KEEP THE BRIGHT SIDE OUT.

Would you make this old world better,
Keep the bright side out,
Would you break one gloomy fetter,
Keep the bright side out.
"Might have been," makes lots of sorrow,
Greatest troubles — those we borrow,
Always plan a glad tomorrow,
Keep the bright side out.

We are told to "cease repining,"
Keep the bright side out,
Always find the silver lining,
Keep the bright side out.
Shadows come — they're only fleeting,
Sunshine we are always meeting,
Let this be your daily greeting,
Keep the bright side out.

Better practice what you're preaching,
Keep the bright side out,
Daily life, is best of teaching,
Keep the bright side out,
If some real trouble meet you,
Let it not forever cheat you,
Do not let its gloom defeat you,
Keep the bright side out.

SANTA'S BEST.

'Twas the night before Christmas, all nature was still,
Not a sound to be heard o'er valley or hill;
Save the wind through bare branches, now covered with frost,
And sparkling, like jewels of fabulous cost.

The sleigh of old Santa was flying around,
Just halting a moment where children were found,
He would run down the chimney without even knocking,
And quickly he'd fill each little childs stocking.

At one house he found all tucked snug in bed,
A sweet little boy with bright curly head.
In a second old Santa a stocking had found,
Hanging close to the bed where the boy slept so sound.

Then his busy hands flew and ne'er thought to stop,
Until it was filled from the toe to the top.
When, looking around, his sharp eyes espied,
A big stocking hanging the small one beside.

A little white paper was pinned to its toe,
Old Santa Claus knew what that meant, you know,
So he quickly unpinned it, and carefully read,
This stocking is grandma's (my grandpa is dead).

Now please, my dear Santa, will you be so kind,
As to give her a present, the best you can find?
"The best I can find," and Santa Claus smiled,
Why bless the dear grandma, and bless the dear child.

"The best I can find, now just let me look
The very best thing is this Holy Book,
It tells that sweet story when Jesus was born
In Bethlehem's manger that first Christmas morn.

It tells how the angels sang "Peace and good will",
Till the chorus was echoed from valley and hill,
How He suffered and died that sinners might live,
Yes, this is the best that Santa can give."

So he sat by the window, in the moons silver light,
And wrote on a page all spotless and white —
"Dear Grandma, this Book is more prescious than gold,
Sweet lessons of truth its pages unfold.

'Tis a light to our feet and a shield from our foes,
It makes joy of sorrow, and blessings of woes.
'Tis a guidestar for youth and a staff for old age,
It is loved by the simple and loved by the sage.

It tells how to live and it tells how to die,
And of mansions prepared for the faithful on high.
I have searched the earth's treasure, north, south, east and west.
I will give you this Bible, the richest, the best."

OUR GREATEST HERO.

On February twenty-second,
In seventeen thirty-two,
Was born the greatest hero,
Our country ever knew.

George Washington, of Mount Vernon,
In the old Virginia state .
But then it was a colony
Of England proud and great.

He was a boy like other boys,
And loved to hunt and play,
His playmates oft were soldiers,
And George the captain gay.

Yet he always knew his lessons
And a lie he'd never tell,
As you know by the little hatchet
And the cherry tree which fell.

His father died when George was young,
His mother did her part,
She guarded well her noble boy,
And trained both hand and heart.

O, yes, he loved his mother,
He was polite to all;
And believed in strictest justice,
In dealings great and small.

And when King Georges rulings,
Our people could not bear,
They declared their in independence,
From England, fair and square.

When they for battle gathered,
They said as with one breath,
"With Washington as leader,
We'll have liberty or death."

Through eight long years of bloody war
He fought, planned and prayed,
And when his native land was free,
He felt himself repaid.

He was a soldier brave and calm,
A statesman wise and true,
A Christian and a gentleman,
His country's father, too.

Can an untruthful, idle boy,
Who only lives for fun,
And disobeys his parents,
Be another Washington?

O, no, it takes the courage strong,
Of a good and honest heart,
And a faith in God's assistance,
To act the hero's part.

We cannot all be presidents,
Nor warriors brave and bold,
But courage, truth, and honesty,
Are needed as of old.

May future years be peaceful,
And on you cast their smile,
May this old world be better
Bcause you lived awhile.

A LITTLE KING.

Mother will quit her work and go
Even if she's kneading dough,
Mother cannot work, you know,
When the baby cries.

Father will lay his paper down,
And at the trouble never frown,
But gently trot the boy to town,
When the baby cries.

Sister will leave her fancy work,
Never thinking once to shirk,
But on her face a smile will lurk,
When the baby cries.

Brother will leave all of the boys,
Leave bat and ball, or other toys,
And count it one of his great joys,
When baby cries.

He firmly rules us one and all,
A king — whose scepter is his call,
Before his throne he bids us fall,
He cries, the baby cries.

Of course some persons sulk and pout,
Or fret and scold as if the gout,
Had from good nature put them out,
If the baby cries.

To sing is much the better plan,
Just sing, and do the best you can,
The baby soon will be a man,
And maybe he won't cry.

If then, his music does not cease,
But drowns your voice with loud increase,
Just kindly say — "more, if you please."
And let the baby cry.

BABY'S MISSION.

Everybody has a mission,
There are missions great and small,
But I think the baby's mission,
Is the sweetest one of all.

Pure and innocent and trusting,
Teaching us to give and love,
Never was a grander message,
Sent to earth from heaven above.

How quiet, sad and lonely, dreary,
Would be each high and lowly home,
If for years and years no baby,
To this world would ever come.

Yet he comes and takes the homage,
Loving hearts and hands do give,
And while loving him we're learning,
What it is for love to live.

We would grow so stern and selfish,
If no prattling voice we'd hear,
If no chubby face would greet us,
Month after month, year after year.

We rejoice in baby's mission,
Even if he's not our own,
This old world much the better,
For the seeds of love he's sown.

THE REVIEW.

The Republic's Grand old Army,
I's marching in review,
Down life's quiet peaceful pathway
Brave, true hearted, boys in blue.
Once buoyant steps now falter,
Though loyal as of yore,
And silver heads bear witness,
The march will soon be o'er.

First there comes a ragged banner,
It was pierced by ball and shell
As it waved o'er fields of battle,
Where brave hearts have fought, and fell.
There it comes, its folds arousing
Cheers from patriots tried and true
Ah! that flag has heard the prayers
Of fainting, dying boys in blue.

Bear it onward, noble veterans,
And when your march is nearly done,
Ere your hands shall drop their burden,
Give it to some veterans son.
Pass it onward! hold it upward!
Tell its story — sad but true,
Hosts of freemen died to save it,
To save the old red, white and blue.

See! The regiments are passing,
Ranks are thinning every day,
And the fife and drum seem saying,
"Time is passing fast away."
Still through scenes of pain or pleasure,
One great truth their hearts imbue,
That to help the weaker brothers,
Is the mission of the blue.

Tread more slowly, hush the cheering,
Softly play the fife and drum,
Now a score of black draped horses
Bearing empty saddles come.
Where once rode a manly figure,
Full of courage, strength and fame,
Only now an empty saddle,
And a cherished honored name.

Thus the officer or private
Who ne'er faltered on the field
When they face the pallid monster
Will at last be forced to yield.
One by one their names are entered
For that last great grand review
"When the robe of white is given,
For the faded coat of blue."

When the army all is landed,
On the river's farther shore,
When they hear the proclamation,
"There is peace, your warfare's o'er,"
May there be no comrade missing
As they join that great song new,
May they answer at the roll call,
"Here are all who wore the blue."

Eternity, Eternity,
Lord help us comprehend,
How awful and sublime the thought,
Of time without an end.
When countless centuries have passed,
The sun no light can give,
Somewhere there is a place prepared,
In which my place shall live.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

Come, all you girls who think to wed
Come hear a friends advice;
Before you leave your fathers home
Think twice, or better thrice,

Someone said truly long ago,
As a young man treats his mother,
He will be sure to treat his wife,
When the wedding day is over.

Perchance your lover has a home,
And in that home a mother,
Now, if for her no love he shows,
Just love him as a brother.

Perhaps he is a little wild,
His pledge he does not keep,
"Sowing wild oats" he'll laugh and say,
O, do not help him reap.

Trust not his promise that he'll be,
An angel for your sake;
Such promises are like piecrust,
They're very apt to break.

And when the honeymoon is past,
You'll see each horrid blot,
Just as it was before was tied,
That sacred mystic knot.

This evolution may create
Great things from rough and rude,
But a model husband you'll not get,
From a cross grained stuck up dude.

MY TREASURE BOX.

I've a box of prescious treasures,
Which I guard with jealous care,
Though I know no thief would take them,
Even should he find them there.
For no heart but mine would cherish,
E'en the rarest of the set,
No other eyes could read the stories,
Which I never can forget.

The.e are bits of silk and ribbon,
Buttons, strings of beads and lace,
Tiny shells and cards and pictures,
Each recalling some dear face.
There are locks of hair, and letters,
Yellow, faded yet so dear,
With their words of love and friendship,
Making distant days seem near.

Each little trinket tells a story,
Of childhood, youth or older years,
Tells of loving ties now broken,
Scenes of pleasure, scenes of tears,
Tells of loving words and wishes,
Dear to me — their value naught —
Dear because I loved the givers,
Value ne'er by money bought.

Here a book of kindly wishes,
But as I read the tears oft come,
Many, many have passed over,
To their bright, eternal home.
With a smile, a tear, a prayer,
For the friends of childhoods day,
I put my treasures in their casket,
And locked with love, put it away.

SELLING THE OLD HOME.

Dear wife, we've sold the old homestead,
Today the deed we'll sign,
Which will give unto a stranger,
What has long been yours and mine.
We often said we'd never sell,
We thought it was no harm,
To want to go to heaven,
From our dearly loved old farm.

I strolled along the little brook,
And almost thought to see,
Our covered wagon standing there,
And the children calling me;
Just as it was so long ago,
That pleasant day we came,
Sometime in the early forties,
To settle on our claim.

As I was looking o'er the place,
I was glad that I could say,
"No mortgage e'er was on it,
No debt I could not pay.
I've had my share of sorrow,
But no disgrace or crime,
Through lifes eventful journey,
E'er came to me or mine."

The children all have left us,
But their love is warm and true,
They have each a cozy corner,
By the hearth, for me and you.
But as I walked across the field,
Down through the meadow lot,
I knew that in this world for us,
Is no such hallowed spot.

'Tis hard to leave the dear old place,
The pain is sharp and keen;
Here every flower, tree and shrub,
Recalls some pleasant scene.
We planted every root and seed,
We watched them thrive and grow,
The boys and girls each had a tree,
In that first apple row.

Though tears may dim our vision,
Hands trembling hold the pen,
We'll sign the deed today, dear wife,
To each loved nook and glen.
Then we will "count our blessings,"
And the best, for you and I,
Is the deed we know is ready,
To our "mansions in the sky."

OBSERVATIONS.

In a lawyers office.
By Rube.

Time was when I thought a lawyer,
Had about the softest snap,
To be found among the mortals,
On this round terrestrial map.
I have altered my opinion,
I don't want to take his "biz,"
I've been in a lawyers office,
I have seen him as he is.

Don't you think now for a minute,
Lawyers simply take in cash,
There are things which don't look funny,
In a lawyers daily "hash."
Reading Blackstone, sifting details,
Tracing falsehood to its source,
And he sometimes — mores the pity,
"Cuts the thread of his discourse."

Old grayheaded tearful woman,
Wed a score of years or more;
Been a quarreling with her "master,"
"Nary once" but times galore",
Wants a "bill" and all the "fixins;"
Lawyer takes in every word,
Just as if her tale of trouble,
Was the first he ever heard.

"Lawyer, just a moment, will you
See this deed — I'm in a rush;"
Man with ragged abstract asking,
For the mucilage and brush,
Boy who wants to sue for wages,
Woman wants to sell a farm,
Made a great mistake though, somewhere
Lawyer yelled like fire alarm.

Younger woman with her trouble,
Lawyer searches for the "hub"
Of her trouble — not for Boston,
Has to find it, "there's the rub,"
Grayhaired woman with a letter,
Has to tell her what to write,
Have to be most awful careful,
What you put in black and white.

Settle down to talk things over,
Think you're going straight ahead;
Someone comes and asks a question;
Switches right or left instead.
Thinks a moment, gives the order,
Stored somewhere within his brain,
Seems to be a chief "dispatcher,"
For each fellow's erring train.

Have to pay him for your "orders"?
Why of course, that is his due,
Valued more are his decisions,
Just because he charges you.
Free advice is yours for asking
Also worth no more than cost.
Ever ask street corner lawyer,
'Bout the "cases" he has lost?

Lawyer chanced to drop a motto;
Never thought to ask a fee,
I will keep it, try and live it,
Thought and language suited me.
I have payed for some opinions,
Know I'll have to pay for more,
I will let this bit of wisdom,
Help to even up the score.

"This I do with peoples troubles,
Find it always a good plan,
Do my very best to right them
Then forget them all I can,"
I will think of my own troubles,
When I must, like any man,
Then when I have done my duty,
I'll forget them all I can.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Pity the beggar who is crippled and old,
No home to shelter from heat or from cold,
Asking for something to eat at your door,
Only a morsel from your plenteous store;
Think of these words and firmly believe
"More blessed it is to give than receive."
Once he was somebody's innocent child,
Loved by a mother who fondly has smiled,
To hear the sweet prattle of babyish joy,
Just as you now smiled at your boy.
What if your child should be in his place,
A crippled outcast, with disfigured face,
Then speak a kind word of sympathy true,
"As ye would that others should do unto you."
Pity the erring one, maiden or boy,
Whom sin has tempted and soon will destroy.
Perhaps just a word, in love fitly spoken,
Would strengthen resolves which slander has broken,
Perhaps just a word would guide the young feet,
From the pathway of sin to honors fair street.
Think of the parents, their pain none can tell,
What if 'twas your child who was tempted and fell.
Harsh words are plenty, kind words are few,
Then "do as ye would that others should do."
Pity the fallen ones, cheer up the sad,
Weep with the mourner and laugh with the glad;
Live for a purpose, let that purpose be
To make the world better, from sorrow more free.
Kind words and actions, if scattered around,
Like bread on the waters will some day be found.
And if we go forward on deeds of love bent,
We will have the reward of a life that's well spent.
And He who keeps record of everything done,
Will repay us with interest when life's race is run.
Then if we would live so our life we'd not rue,
We must "do as we would that others should do."

THE OLD CHRISTMAS STORY.

Tomorrow is Christmas, dear children,
Lay aside now your books and your toys,
Before you hang up your stockings,
I will talk to my girls and my boys
I am going to tell you a story,
That sweet Christmas story, so old,
Yet every word is as precious,
As it was when first it was told.

The story of the little child, Jesus,
Who was born on a Christmas day
In a poor little, lonely manger,
In Bethlehem, far away.
And early an that Christmas morning,
Little children were fast asleep,
There were shepherds guarding and watching
Their helpless and innocent sheep.

When lo! the Lords holy angel
In garments all spotless and white
Came near, and around and about them
Was shed a great heavenly light.
The angel said to the shepherds
Fear not for gladly I bring
Good tidings of joy, "To ye people
Is born a Redemer and a King."

In the city of David you'll find Him
The One who shall bear all your sin
Cozily laid in a manger
"No room for the babe at the inn."
Then quickly the choirs of heaven
Burst forth in a glorious song
With praises glad praises of welcome
The chorus went rolling along.

"Glory to God in the Highest,
And peace for all of the earth,
Good will to mankind forever,"
They hailed the new Kings birth.
Ah, never was King rich and royal,
Ever honored with such display
As was given the babe in the manger
The morn of that first Christmas day.

What are banners and bugles and cannon
When the choirs of heaven do sing
When earth and heaven reecho,
With praise for a dear baby King.
We sing many songs on a Christmas
Which tell of salvations great plan
This is ever the greatest and grandest
"Peace on earth" "Good will unto man".

THE FIVE BARS.

Down in the meadow there is a bar,
Through which the cattle pass;
Peaceful contented, they quietly graze,
On tender succulent grass.
A boy is looking across the bar;
With innocent longing eyes,
To the great wide world, its wonders unfurled,
As pleasing as sunset skies..

Down in the city there is a bar,
Licensed by law to sell,
Drinks, that will make a peaceful man
Act like a demon of hell.
A boy is standing beside this bar,
Taking the fatal "first glass,"
He does not conceive, how its sparkles deceive,
And bite like a serpent at last.

Down in the city another bar,
The bar of justice they say,
Revenge and anger, disgrace and sin,
Passing before it each day.
A boy is standing with downcast eyes,
Waiting the laws decree,
He is guilty of crime, and not the first time;
"Was drunk," his miserable plea.

Out on the hill there's a massive bar,
Its purpose to right the wrong.
Remorse and sorrow and repentance and tears,
Locked behind bars that are strong.
A boy is pacing his narrow cell,
Plenty of time now to think;
Right well he now knows, all his troubles and woes,
Were caused by that fatal "first drink."

We shall all be called to the judgement bar,
The strong shall stand with the weak,
Where is thy brother? The sinful and lost;
The one who, like Christ, we should seek.
Your vote will help to throttle the beast,
Help bury it under the sod;
Will your conscience be clear, can you stand without fear,
Before the great bar of God?

Mothers love is purest, strongest,
Next to love of God for man.
Heavens gates cannot enclose it,
Gulfs of sin its power can span.
Infancy, old age and childhood, —
In their sorrows, in their joys,
Mothers love will not forsake them,
But will cling to girls and boys.

TELL YOUR MOTHER.

Tell your Mother — have no secret
You would not to her disclose,
Mothers love would be no weaker,
If all the world should be your foes.
Tell your Mother if some question
You are puzzled to decide;
She is older, wiser, calmer
And will be your safest guide.

Tell your Mother all your wishes,
All your plans, and hopes and fears,
You will have much less of folly
To repent in after years.
Tell your Mother, trust her counsel
Rather than some young friend gay,
Weary hours she's worked for, loved you,
Cause her not one anxious day.

Tell your Mother — this a motto
Worthy every girl and boy,
And if followed, it will bring you,
Pleasure sweet without alloy.
When you choose your near companions,
In whatever place you move,
Let your conscience ever witness,
Mother knows, and does approve.

PART SECOND.

A PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

O, guide me Father, show the way,
The shadows rise so dark ahead,
I cannot see, but O, I pray,
Let me now hear thy voice instead.

O, guide me Father, by thy Word,
My every need thou cannst supply,
I listen, and thy voice is heard,
"Fear not" "I'll guide thee with mine eye."

My purpose true, my first desire,
Is to grow more and more like Thee,
Through sun or shadow lead me higher,
And purge the dross Thine eye can see.

I'll tr st — thou gh friends forsake and flee,
I'll trust — through bitter loss and pain,
I ask no easy path of Thee,
But O, my Father make it plain.

UNMEASURED LOVE.

You may measure the mountains and ocean,
Trace the pathway of comets and stars,
May reckon the weight of the planets,
See handiwork, maybe, on Mars;
You boast of philosophy, science,
But tell me wise mortal who can,
Of the heights, the depths, all the greatness,
Of the love of the Father for man?

As a drop in the midst of the ocean
A grain on the shore of the sea;
Is the best of love I can give Him,
Compared to His great love for me.
Exhaust all your boundless resources
And use every measure you know,
At last with the loved deciple,
We say "He loves so" "loves me so."

THY CHOICE IS BEST.

Choose Thou my home for me, dear Lord,
I cannot choose aright,
A palace grand and wealth untold,
Might lure my clouded sight,
And 'mid the scenes of wordly ease,
Perhaps I'd heedless grow,
Of Thy great love, and home above,
Where now I long to go.
If a small manger was Thy bed,
And good enough for Thee;
The humble roof above my head,
Is good enough for me.

Choose Thou my friends for me, dear Lord,
The aged and the youth,
Perhaps I'd choose the flattering ones,
At sacrifice of truth.
I know I could not share with Thee,
Thy suffering and pain,
If one made not a traitors plot,
To sell me for his gain.
My Lord betrayed by mocking kiss,
To die upon the tree;
I'll say when friendship true I miss,
"'Tis not too hard for me."

Choose Thou my work for me, dear Lord,
My strength Thou knowest best,
When I am tired I hear Thee say,
"Now come aside and rest."
If failure seem to crown my work,
As steadfast on I plod,
May I not make, the great mistake,
Of losing faith in God.
If Satan sought with all his power
To slay and silence Thee
I'll say in persecutions hour
"I bear it Lord for Thee."

Choose Thou my burden, Lord, for me,
Some load I cannot bear,
Without Thy constant help and love,
And earnest daily prayer.
Without the burden, Lord, I fear,
I'd trust my own arm frail;
And in the fight, for God and right,
Thou knowest it would fail.
If Thy pure, holy, sinless heart,
Bore all my sins for me,
The load Thou dost to me impart,
Is light enough for me.

Choose Thou my path, dear Lord, for me,
Guide me each step I take,
O, help me say when duty frowns,
"I go for Jesus sake."
Since Thou hast made the path to heaven,
With love and duty shine,
I will not ask to choose my task,
But say: "Thy will, not mine,"
Thy path of duty reached the cross,
And brought salvation free,
May there not be in pain and loss,
Some blessing great for me.

Choose Thou my all for me, dear Lord,
Thy choice I know is best,
The joy and sorrow, loss and gain,
Will lead to home and rest.
While in the world we'll trouble have,
From sorrow no release,
Yet comfort sweet, and joy complete,
"In me ye shall have peace."
Prepare me, Father, for the place,
Thou hast prepared for me,
Where I shall see Thee face to face
Through all eternity.

A TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

Farewell, little babe, precious treasure,
We'll miss you through days, weeks and years,
Our grief human hearts cannot measure,
Yet God sends a balm with our tears.

The soul of our babe was untainted,
By a thought, word, or deed that was wrong,
As pure as the ransomed and sainted,
Who are singing the blessed new song.

Forever he's safe from all sorrow,
No tears, pain or sickness are there,
Not a worry or care for the morrow,
But with Jesus the glory to share.

Farewell, little one, safe in heaven,
We'd not call thee back from thy rest;
The Lord, He has taken and given,
We know the All-Wise knoweth best.

Rest, little babe, your work's ended,
Your life was a carol of love;
With the angels your voice is now blended,
And bidding us, "Come up above."

ALONE WITH GOD.

Alone with God, and closed the door
The world outside with all its care
My troubled heart to Him I pour
He helps me every burden bear.

Alone with God, I tell Him all,
He knows my frame, He understands
He lifts me up when e'erd fall,
By faith I hold His helping hand.

Alone with God, O, blessed tryst,
Where heart to heart with Him I speak,
There faith dispels the darkning mist
And gives the vision clear I seek.

Then may I often seek to be,
Where heaven is bright and earth grows dim,
I hear my Savior speak to me,
When I am all alone with Him.

GOD'S WILL FOR ME.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

God wills my sins should be forgiven,
My heart made pure and fit for heaven;
He longs His Spirit to impart,
To fill with love my empty heart.

God wills my daily life should prove,
The power and glory of His love;
Beneath the flag of Christ unfurled,
To live unspotted from the world.

Should suff'ring mark the way I take,
Or persecution for His sake;
O, may I walk so close to Thee,
Thou canst reveal Thy will to me.

When "I shall know as I am known,"
And stand redeemed before His throne,
I'll worship Him, His name adore,
And do His will for evermore.

A PRODIGAL, SAVED BY SONGS.

From a cheerful Army Mission,
Reaching out to all who pass,
Came a gospel invitation,
Sang by little Army lass,
I was tired of sin and sinners,
Longed from evil to depart
And that loving invitation
Seemed to grip and hold my heart.

"Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now,
Just now, Just now,
Come to Jesus, come to Jesus
Just now."

To my burdened mind came memories
Rushing in tumultuous throngs,
As I listened to the singing
Of those dear old gospel songs
God who understood the longing
Of my heart His peace to know
Sent a message in the singing
Of those songs of long ago.

What do you hope, dear brother
To gain by a further delay
There's no one can save you but Jesus
There's no other way but His way.

Why not? Why not?
Why not come to Him now
Why not? Why not?
Why not come to Him now.

Far in paths of sin I'd wandered
Like the wayward son of old
Wasting all life's choicest blessings
Spurning mercies manifold
Vainly seeking peace and pleasure.
Now my heart in hunger cried
"I will go unto my Father,
All my needs will be supplied."

"Come ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity love and power.
Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fittness fondly dream,
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him."

Need of Him, O, surely never,
Felt a soul so dire a need;
"Save, O Father, or I perish,
In the name of Christ I plead."
Then a song my angel mother,
Used to sing so low and sweet,
Took me back to happy childhood,
When I prayed at mothers feet.

There is a gate that stands ajar
And through its portals gleaming
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Saviors love revealing.
O, depth of mercy can it be,
That gate was left ajar for me,
For me, For me,
Was left ajar for me."

E'er my mother went to heaven,
She had said "It is not far,
I can see my blessed Savior,
Through the gate that stands ajar."
With a smile she bade me meet her,
As the gate was opened wide,
"Trust in Jesus" was the whisper,
Almost from the other side.

"Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O, Lamb of God I come I come."

On my knees I fell in anguish,
Prayed for pardon and for light,
Yielded all, and knew that Jesus,
Washed my soul and made it white.
Mothers prayers now are answered,
Mothers faith I understand,
And with joy I sang this chorus,
With the little Army Band,

"Tell mother I'll be there,
In answer to her prayer,
This message guardian angels to her bear,
Tell mother I'll be there
Heaven's joys with her to share,
O, tell my darling mother I'll be there."

COMFORT.

Should darkness veil the sun at noon
Should all thy world be wrapped in gloom
Let not thy soul in grief be bowed
Look up and see the rifted cloud.

If weakness overwhelm thy heart
Or doubt and fear send poisoned dart
So help some one by word or deed
And God will send the strength you need.

Go "trust and lean" and work and pray
And stronger grow from day to day
By using strength we stronger grow
A loving Father planned it so.

The sun is shining up above
Your pain is soothed by hands of love
This promise with my child I send
I will go with thee to the end.

HUMILITY.

I ask not for an easy place
My mission to fulfill
I only ask for strength and grace
To do my Masters will.

I ask no gift of tongues to tell
The Saviour loves and weeps,
But may my life all doubts dispel
That Jesus saves and keeps.

I ask not for some lofty tower
On which to place my light
But may the Spirits love and power
E'er keep my candle bright.

I ask not that the world may know
The victories I have won
But may the Lord who loves me so
Just whisper "Come, well done."

THE PASSING OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

Through the valley of the shadow,
Quickly she passed away;
Not a cloud obscured the dawning
Of that bright eternal day.

Not a ripple, as the boatman,
Steered her bark across the deep;
Like a tired child at evening,
Peacefully she fell asleep.

She has lived; it was a blessing,
Just to know her in her life;
Kind and patient friend and mother,
Gentle, faithful, loving wife.

She has gone, and left behind her
Many a sad and aching heart.
Faith and hope and love all whisper,
"We will meet no more to part."

Precious promises are given,
"I will never thee forsake;"
"When thou passest through the waters,
I, a path for thee will meke."

Blessed thought, that Jesus leads us,
If we only take His hand,
Through the sunshine and the shadow,
He will guide to heaven's land.

There again to meet our loved ones,
When that blessed day appears,
There will be no thought of sorrow;
No more crying, no more tears.

Then we'll join with all the ransomed
Singing praises to the Son.
If, like her, we're true and faithful,
We shall hear the words, "well done."

IF HE COULD KNOW.

Could we but lift the veil and look,
Beyond our mortal ken;
And see how near the shore from which,
We'll ne'er come back again;
We would not longer make excuse,
But yield ourselves to God,
And seek salvation from all sin,
Through faith in Jesus blood.

Could we but see the garden, where,
He prayed in agony,
Could we but know each drop of blood,
Was all for you, for me.
If we could see him on the cross,
Forsaken and alone.
It was a precious price he paid, —
We are His own, His own.

Behold, and see the empty tomb,
And know that Jesus lives,
He conquered sin and death for thee,
Eternal life He gives.
He's knocking, open wide the door,
He'll give from sin release,
He'll enter and abide with thee,
He'll give thee joy and peace.

THE ONLY ANSWER.

We often ask why friends must part,
Why loved ones go to come no more,
Why God so often asks the best,
Within our cherished earthly store.

We do not know, we cannot tell,
Why some must suffer und be still,
While longing, everyday to do,
What seems to be the Masters will.

And yet the Fathers will is done
Earth's blighted hopes and broken ties,
God's wonder working hand will take,
And make for us a glad surprise.

We cannot answer all the "whys",
That meet us in this life below,
But what God hides from mortal eyes,
It is not best that we should know.

We question "why," and faith makes known,
A place of quiet peace and rest,
A Rock, a shelter and a shield,
"God loves, and knoweth best."

THE DIFFERENCE.

I once came to Jesus for pardon,
And my heart, that was heavy and sad,
Through faith in a risen Redeemer,
Was made to rejoice and be glad.

Then I had peace for a season;
All guilt washed away by the blood;
Yet pride, envy, doubting and anger,
Oft swept through my heart like a flood.

I trembled to say "I love Jesus";
I could not ask sinners to come;
And dared not arise when invited
To say, "I k n o w heaven's my home."

Yet I thought I was serving my Savior,
I longed for the joy that was past,
And hoped that in some way or other,
My soul would reach heaven at last.

I longed for the "peace that abideth;"
I mourned o'er my weakness and sin;
Still was deaf to the gentle hand knocking
And the voice saying, "Let me come in."

Then I saw by the light of the gospel,
That in Jesus my soul could find rest,
That only a heart which is holy,
Can welcome the heavenly Guest.

With the joy has come trials and sorrows;
The suff'rings of Jesus I share,
But I know there is naught can befall me,
That his strength is not able to bear.

The peace in my heart is abiding;
The Comforter now dwells in me;
And I constantly rest on the promise,
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

Lakin, Kansas, 1894.

JESUS ONLY.

On the mount sometimes a vision,
Of His glory doth appear,
Then I say with love enraptured,
"It is good Lord, to be here,"
There I feel the sacred Presence,
Like a cloud o'er shadow me,
Lost in love and adoration,
Jesus only, I can see.

Sometimes when I fail in bringing,
Lost ones home to love and care,
When I ask Him "why" He answers,
"Have more faith, more earnest prayer,"
By my triumphs and my failures,
Nearer, nearer drawing me,
Till I stand so close beside Him,
Jesus only, I can see.

Through each open door before me,
Jesus goes and beckons "come,"
Though His steps lead through the garden,
They will pass the empty tomb.
When I fall asleep in Jesus,
Awaken in eternity,
To the joy and bliss of heaven,
Jesus first will welcome me.

In the light I will rejoice,
From the shadow hear His voice,
In whatever comes to me,
Jesus only, I will see.

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